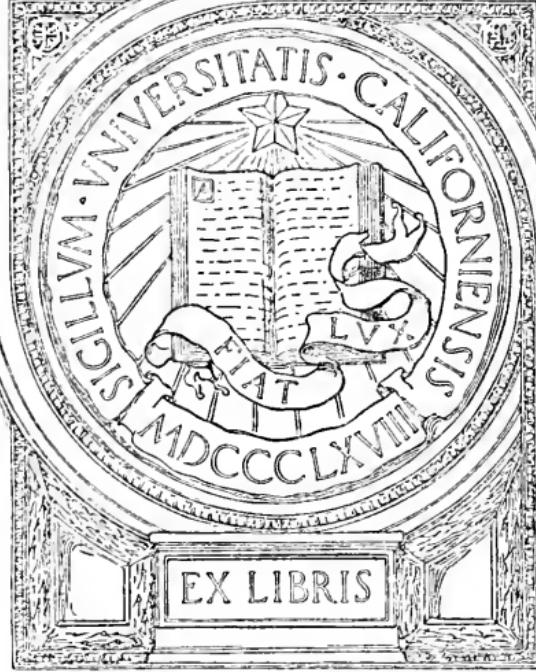


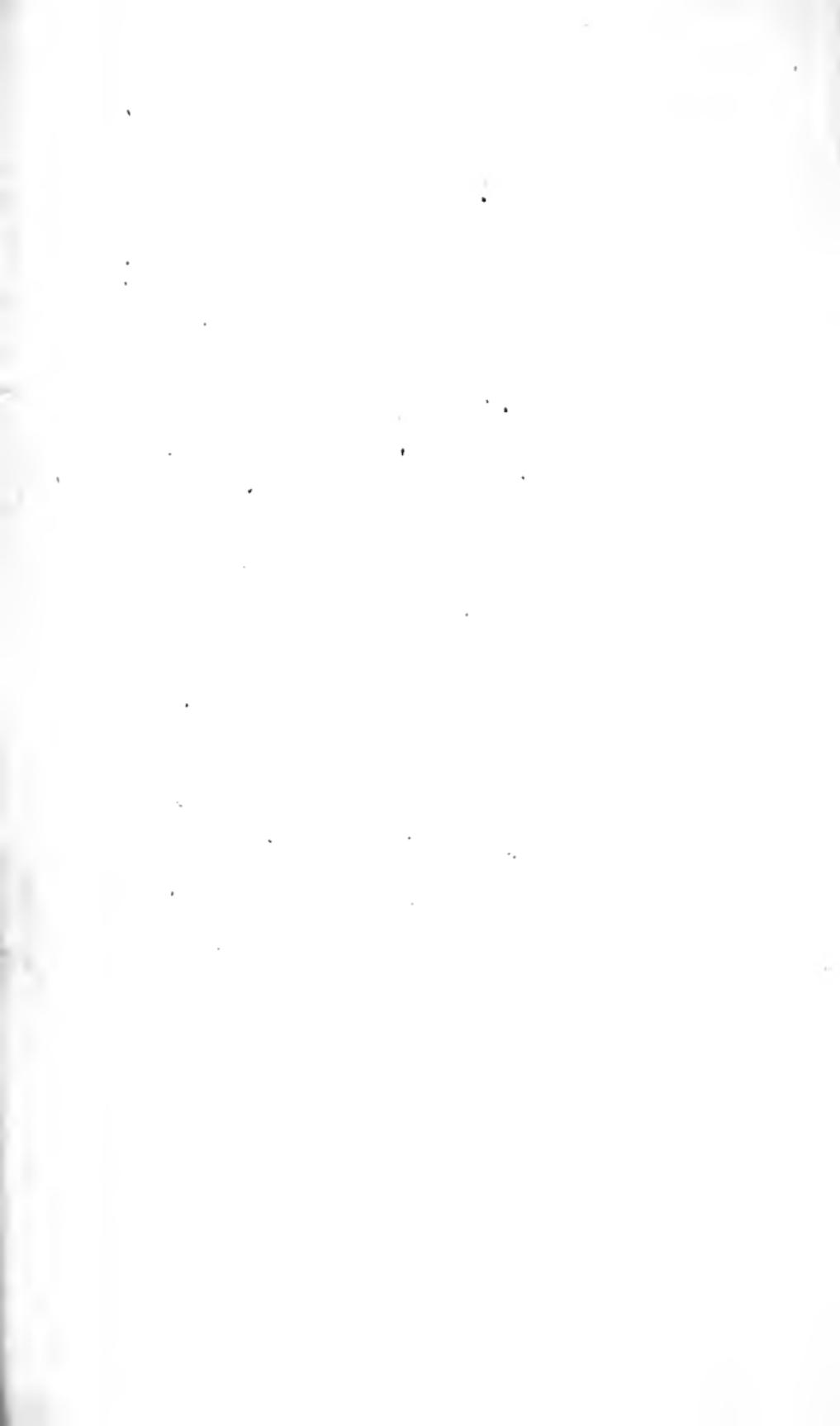
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LYRICS OF GIL VICENTE

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LYRICS OF GIL VICENTE

WITH THE PORTUGUESE TEXT

TRANSLATED BY

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ETC.



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PREFACE

THE more correct title of this selection would be "Lyrics from Gil Vicente," since he was not necessarily the author of all the lyrics inserted in his plays. The care with which he sometimes declares a poem to be his own composition¹ would sufficiently prove this. Moreover, the *serranilha A serra é alta, fria e nevosa*, exists in a variant of eight verses. But, indeed, his plays were often written hurriedly,² and he would be glad to take almost the first lyric that came to hand—the latest song

¹ "O romance seguinte que fez o mesmo autor" (*Voces daban prisioneros*) ; "esta cantiga seguinte feita pelo autor ao proposito" (*El que quisiere apurarse*) ; "una ensalada por Gil Vicente guisada" (in the *Farça dos Fisicos*) ; "a seguinte cantiga feita e ensoada pelo autor" (*Muy graciosa es la doncella*). This last quotation shows that Vicente was also a musician, and music had a large part in many of his plays. Venus is the "Queen of Music" (*Fragoa d'Amor*). In *Nao d'Amores*, and again in the *Comedia sobre a divisa da cidade de Coimbra*, there is "grande apparato de musica"; in the latter they sing "a sweet music"; in *Amadis de Gaula* there are *donzelas musicas* who sing; more than one play had its special music (*com sua musica*). The *cantigas* were often accompanied by action as well as by song: the nobles of the Court rowed a real boat on the stage to the cadence of the song *Muy serena está la mar*; the shepherds and peasants dance to the singing *em folia*, *em chacota*, or *de terreiro*, as in the villages. Sometimes the song is both said and sung; it is sung in duet (*Templo d'Apollo*) or by three voices or four (*Cortes de Jupiter*); in the *Tragico-comedia Pastoril da Serra da Estrella* a song is accompanied on the organ.

² The *Auto dos Reis Magos* was written between Christmas and the Day of the Kings (January 6). The *Auto de S. Martinho* "não foi mais porque foi pedido muito tarde."

from France,¹ a *romance* from Spain,² a song of peasants in the fields,³ of shepherds with their flocks,⁴ of sailors on the sea⁵ or pilgrims on the road,⁶ a liturgical chant⁷ or a nigger's song.⁸ Portuguese *cantigas* and Spanish *romances* are scattered through his plays (of many, unhappily, only the first lines are given⁹)—joyous songs of varied kind, that he had learnt in field and village.¹⁰ Gil Vicente is essentially a lyrical rather than a dramatic poet, and sometimes

¹ "Hūa enselada que veio da França" (*Auto da Fé*). So in the *Auto dos Quatro Tempos* they are to sing "Huma cantiga franceza que diz :

"Ay de la noble
Villa de Paris."

² As "Los mis amores primeros En Sevilla quedan presos" in the *Auto dos Quatro Tempos*.

³ "E sabeis que cantará
Lá defronte de Cascaes?
'A que horas me mandais
Aos olivaes!'" (*Cortes de Jupiter*).

⁴ "Vos outros tambem cantais
Por vosso uso acostumado
Como lá cantais co' o gado" (*Auto da Fé*).

⁵ *Nao d'Amores* ends with a "prosa que commummente cantão nas naos á salve, que diz : 'Bom Jesu Nossa Senhor tem por bem de nos salvar.'"

⁶ In *Templo d'Apollo* pilgrims come singing "hum hymno."

⁷ "Cantão mui devotamente hūa prosa" (*Auto de S. Martinho*). In France in the Middle Ages *proses* = non-lyrical poems.

⁸ In *Fragoa d'Amor* a negro enters "singing in the language of his country."

⁹ The *ama* in *Comedia de Rubena* names a dozen *romances*, Spanish and Portuguese.

¹⁰ "Nas villas e nas aldeas,
Quando as festas ajuntavão
Cantigas de mil raleas."

his plays are a succession of lyrical dialogue and songs. For this very reason it is easy to take these songs, some of them among the clearest gems of Portuguese and Spanish poetry, out of their setting. Their translation is not easy, for it is impossible to catch their simplicity and naturalness and charm: as well attempt to translate into another language the song of birds or sound of flowing water. But however unsatisfactory the translations, it may be convenient to have these lyrics collected together for the first time, though they should only be read as a preliminary to the reading of Gil Vicente's plays in their entirety. No one who wishes to understand the Portuguese can afford to ignore him. "It is only in Gil Vicente that the soul of the Portuguese people comes to its full expression," says Menéndez y Pelayo.¹ Simple gaiety and light-heartedness, ready satire, fondness of ridicule, irreverence, deep piety, a rustic, usually wholesome coarseness, true love of nature, a mystic lyrism, these are some of the principal features of his works. For the student of contemporary manners and customs they are a mine of curious information, and with many a vivid detail portray Portugal in city and village at the very time that the Portuguese were winning new kingdoms beyond the seas.² It is the Portugal that survives to-day in some parts of the north, and that existed before the Inquisition had established its power (half a century later Gil Vicente could not have spoken as

¹ "El alma del pueblo portugués no respira integra más que en Gil Vicente" (*Antología de poetas líricos castellanos*, vol. vii.).

² The *Auto da Fama*, which speaks of Goa as "subdued by bribe or summons or sword," was acted in 1510, the very year in which Affonso d'Albuquerque captured and lost and recaptured that city. But the play is also assigned to the year 1515 or 1516.

he does of parish priest and chaplain, of Pope and cardinal, monk and friar¹), before the gold from the new discoveries had convulsed the country, before the life of the nation had centralized in Lisbon, before politics had told the people of its sovereignty, and had seen to it that it should give over ease and wear its crown, or a pedantic civilization had begun to point the finger of scorn at illiteracy. But the change was even now upon them, and Gil Vicente complains of the coldness of the times (*taõ frio o tempo moderno*), and asks : “Que foi daquelle prazer?” Où sont les neiges d’antan ! Contemporaries regretted that he did not write his plays in the Latin tongue, in which case they held that he would have rivalled Menander and Plautus and Terence.² They felt that he was rather unrefined, not quite melancholy enough. And even to-day regret has been expressed that he did not live later and possess more culture. The true pity is not that he should have failed to dress his rich and vigorous genius in patent-leather boots and a cylinder hat, but that his especial gift of lyrism should not have been further encouraged by the King and Court. He was neglected for less spontaneous and more artful poets, and he felt his neglect keenly. In 1523—that is, after he had been producing plays at Court for twenty-one years—he is, he says, “without a farthing”;³ in 1527 he remarks sadly, in

¹ Cf. No. 26, p. 58, where Winter pokes fun at the hermits. His plays were later, either in whole or part, placed on the *Index*.

² “Qui si non lingua componeret omnia vulgi
Sed potius latia . . .” (André de Resende).

³ “Não tem nem ceitil” (*Auto Pastoril Portuguez*).

some verses addressed to the Conde do Vimioso, that if work and merit spelt success, he would have money to live and give, and leave in his will;¹ and in *O Clerigo da Beira*, produced in 1526, he declares that at Court "those who do least are best rewarded."² Of Vicente's life we know little. The date of his birth, the date of his death, and his birth-place are all uncertain, and discussion rages as to whether he was, or was not, the famous silversmith of the same name. His approximate date is 1470-1540. For three centuries after his death his genius was not fully recognized in Portugal, but since the Hamburg (1834) edition of his works his reputation has grown steadily, and he now takes his rank among the greatest poets of the Peninsula.³

S. JOÃO DO ESTORIL,
January, 1914.

¹ *Obras varias* :

" Que o medrar
Se estivesse em trabalhar
Ou valera o merecer
Eu tivera que comer
E que dar e que deixar."

² " Lá não fazem bem
Senão a quem menos faz."

³ He wrote in Portuguese or Spanish indifferently. In the present selection, lyrics 1-18 are in Portuguese, the remainder in Spanish.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. Este he Maio, o Maio he este. (<i>Auto da Lusitania.</i>)	- 2
2. Blanca estais e colorada. (<i>Auto da Feira.</i>) -	- 4
3. Quem he a desposada? (<i>Auto Pastoril Portuguez.</i>) -	- 6
4. A serra he alta, fria e nevosa. (<i>Farça dos Almocreves.</i>)	- 8
5. Remando vão remadores. (<i>Auto da Barca do Purgatorio.</i>)	- 10
6. Alto Deos maravilhoso. (<i>Auto da Alma.</i>) -	- 12
7. Com que força, com que sprito. (<i>Auto da Alma.</i>) -	- 18
8. Adorae montanhas. (<i>Auto da Historia de Deos.</i>) -	- 20
9. Ó devotas almas felis. (<i>Auto da Mofina Mendes.</i>) -	- 22
10. A suidade na mulher. (<i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i>) -	- 26
11. Donde vindes filha. (<i>Auto da Lusitania.</i>) -	- 28
12. Já não quer minha senhora. (<i>Tragicomedia Pastoril da Serra da Estrella.</i>) -	- 30
13. Apartão-me hão de vós. (<i>Quem tem Farelos?</i>) -	- 32
14. Tiraes os olhos de mim. (<i>Auto Pastoril Portuguez.</i>) -	- 34
15. Onde está minha alegria. (<i>Comedia de Rubena.</i>) -	- 36
16. Hum amigo que eu havia. (<i>Tragicomedia Pastoril da Serra da Estrella.</i>) -	- 38
17. Ó Cavalleiros de Deos. (<i>Auto da Barca do Inferno.</i>)	- 40
18. O gran juizo esperando. (<i>Gil Vicente's Epitaph.</i>) -	- 42
19. Del rosal vengo, mi madre. (<i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i>)	- 44
20. Consuelo, véte con Dios. (<i>Comedia de Rubena.</i>) -	- 46
21. Á tí, dino de adorar. (<i>Auto dos Quatro Tempos.</i>) -	- 48
22. En la huerta nace la rosa. (<i>Auto dos Quatro Tempos.</i>)	- 50
23. Cual es la niña? (<i>O Velho da Horta.</i>) -	- 52
24. O mi pasión dolorosa. (<i>Dom Duardos.</i>) -	- 54
25. Afuera, afuera, nublados. (<i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i>) -	- 56

	PAGE
26. Soy portero de los vientos. (<i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i>)	58
27. Las abejas colmeneras. (<i>Auto dos Quatro Tempos.</i>)	62
28. Muy serena está la mar. (<i>Nao d'Amores.</i>) - - -	64
29. Sirenas, por mi amor. (<i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i>) - - -	66
30. Muy graciosa es la doncella. (<i>Auto da Sibilla Cassandra.</i>) - - -	68
31. Cuando la Virgen bendita. (<i>Auto dos Reis Magos.</i>) - - -	70
32. Por más que la vida pene. (<i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i>) - - -	72
33. Á todos das sepultura. (<i>Comedia do Viuvo.</i>) - - -	74
34. O floresta de dolores. (<i>Dom Duardos.</i>) - - -	76
35. Tres dias ha que no viene. (<i>Dom Duardos.</i>) - - -	78
36. Avante, desdicha mia. (<i>Comedia sobre a Divisa da Cidade de Coimbra.</i>) - - - - -	82
37. O que palacio consagrado. (<i>Dom Duardos.</i>) - - -	86
38. En el mes era de Abril. (<i>Dom Duardos.</i>) - - -	90
39. Voces daban prisioneros. (<i>Auto da Historia de Deos.</i>) - - -	94
40. Loado y glorificado. (<i>Comedia do Viuvo.</i>) - - -	96
41. Á quien contaré mis quejas. (<i>Floresta de Enganos.</i>) - - -	98
42. O angustias y pesar. (<i>Comedia de Rubena.</i>) - - -	100
43. Á la guerra. (<i>Auto da Sibilla Cassandra.</i>) - - -	102
44. El que quisiere apurarse. (<i>Fragoa d'Amor.</i>) - - -	104
45. Vanse mis amores, madre. (<i>Auto da Lusitania.</i>) - - -	106
46. Que sañosa está la niña ! (<i>Auto da Sibilla Cassandra.</i>) - - -	108
47. Los amores de la niña. (<i>Auto da Lusitania.</i>) - - -	110
48. Águila que dió tal vuelo. (<i>Templo d'Apollo.</i>) - - -	112
49. Halcon que se atreve. (<i>Comedia de Rubena.</i>) - - -	114
50. Estanse dos hermanas. (<i>Comedia do Viuvo.</i>) - - -	116
51. Dicen que me case yo. (<i>Auto da Sibilla Cassandra.</i>) - - -	118
52. Nuevo gozo, nueva gloria. (<i>Auto dos Quatro Tempos.</i>) - - -	120
53. O piernas, llevadme un paso siquiera. (<i>Auto de S. Martinho.</i>)	124
54. Frias las manos para dar loores. (<i>Obras varias.</i>) - - -	128

LYRICS OF GIL VICENTE

I. ESTE HE MAIO.

ESTE he Maio, o Maio he este,
Este he Maio e florece,
Este he Maio das rosas,
Este he Maio das formosas,
Este he Maio e florece ;
Este he Maio das flores,
Este he Maio dos amores,
Este he Maio e florece.

I. MAY.

MAY is here, now May is here,
May is here and all aflower,
May with its roses laden,
And many a fair maiden,
May is here and all aflower ;
May with its wealth of flowers,
And with love's soft hours,
May is here and all aflower.

2. CANTIGA.

BLANCA estais e colorada,
Virgem sagrada !
Em Belem villa do amor
Da rosa nasceo a flor.
Virgem sagrada !
Em Belem villa do amar
Nasceo a rosa do rosal.
Virgem sagrada !
Da rosa nasceo a flor,
Jesus Nosso Salvador.
Virgem sagrada !
Nasceo a rosa do rosal,
Deos e homem natural.
Virgem sagrada !

2. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HOLY Virgin, white and fair !
In Bethlehem now in this hour
Of the rose is born a flower.
Virgin holy !
In Bethlehem, Love's fair city,
A rose is born of the rose-tree.
Virgin holy !
Of the rose is born a flower,
Even Christ our Saviour.
Virgin holy !
A rose is born of the rose-tree,
God and man in one to be.
Virgin holy !

3. CANTIGA.

QUEM he a desposada ?
 A Virgem sagrada.
 Quem he a que paria ?
 A Virgem Maria.
 Em Bethlem, cidade
 Muito pequenina,
 Vi húa desposada
 E Virgem parida.

Em Bethlem, cidade
 Muito pequenina,
 Vi húa desposada
 E Virgem parida.
 Quem he a desposada ?
 A Virgem sagrada.
 Quem he a que paria ?
 A Virgem Maria.

Húa pobre casa
 Toda reluzia,
 Os Anjos cantavão,
 O Mundo dizia :
 Quem he a desposada ?
 A Virgem sagrada.
 Quem he a que paria ?
 A Virgem Maria.

3. A CAROL.

THE bride, who is she?
The Virgin holy,
Even Mary,
The Virgin Mother.
Now unto them
A Son is given
In Bethlehem,
A city small.

Now unto them
A Son is given
In Bethlehem,
A city small.

The bride, who is she?
The Virgin holy,
Even Mary,
The Virgin Mother.

On a humble house
Great light was shed,
The Angels sang,
And the Earth said :
The bride, who is she?
The Virgin holy,
Even Mary,
The Virgin Mother.

4. SERRANILHA.

A SERRA he alta, fria e nevosa,
Vi venir serrana gentil, graciosa.

Vi venir serrana gentil, graciosa,
Cheguei-me per' ella con gran cortezia.

Cheguei-me a ella de gran cortezia.
Disse-lhe : Senhora, quereis companhia ?

Disse-lhe : Senhora, quereis companhia ?
Disse-me : Escudeiro, segui vossa via.

4. A HILL SONG.

THE snow is on the hills, the hills so cold and high.
I saw a maiden of the hills, graceful and fair, pass by.

I saw a maiden of the hills, graceful and fair, pass by,
And I towards her went with great courtesy.

And I towards her went with great courtesy.
"Will you," said I, "lady, of my company?"

"Will you," said I, "lady, of my company?"
But "Sir Knight, pass on your way," said she unto me.

5. ROMANCE.

REMANDO vão remadores
Barca de grande alegria ;
O patrão que a guiava
Filho de Deus se dizia ;
Anjos eram os remeiros
Que remavam á porfia ;
Estandarte d'esperança :
Ó quam bem que parecia !
O masto da fortaleza
Como cristal reluzia ;
A vela com fé cosida
Todo o mundo esclarecia.
A ribeira mui serena
Que nenhum vento bolia !

5. ROWERS NOW ARE ROWING.

ROWERS now are rowing
A boat of great delight ;
The boatman who was steering it
The Son of God is hight ;
And angels were the rowers,
Rowing with all their might ;
Its flag the flag of hope :
O, how fair a sight !
Its mast the mast of fortitude,
And as crystal bright.
The boat's sail, sewn with faith,
To all the world gave light.
Upon the waters calm
No breath of wind may light.

6. ALTO DEOS MARAVILHOSO.

ALTO Deos maravilhoso,
 Que o mundo visitaste
 Em carne humana,
 Neste valle temeroso
 E lacrimoso
 Tua gloria nos mostraste
 Soberana.

E teu filho delicado,
 Mimoso da Divindade
 E natureza,
 Per todas partes chagado
 E mui sangrado
 Pela nossa infirmitade
 E vil fraqueza.

Ó Imperador celeste,
 Deos alto mui poderoso
 Essencial,
 Que polo homem que fizeste
 Offereceste
 O teu estado glorioso
 A ser mortal !

E tua filha, madre, esposa,
 Horta nobre, frol dos céos,
 Virgem Maria,

6. MATER DOLOROSA.

God, whose might on high appears,
Who camest to this world
In human guise,
In this vale of many tears
And sullen fears
Thy great glory hast unfurled
Before our eyes.

And thy Son so delicate,
By His nature and His birth
From out the skies,
See with blood and wounds so great
How grievous is His state,
For our infirmities
And little worth !

O Ruler of the sky,
God of enduring power
And might,
Who for Thy creatures, men, to die,
Didst not deny
Thy Godhead in that hour
Infinite.

And Thy daughter, mother, bride,
Noble flower of the skies,
The Virgin blest.

Mansa pomba gloriosa,
 Ó quão chorosa,
 Quando o seu filho e Deos
 Padecia !

Ó lagrimas preciosas
 De virginal coraçao
 Estilladas !
 Correntes das dôres vossas,
 C'os olhos da perfeiçao
 Derramadas !

Quem húa so podéra haver,
 Vira claramente nella
 Aquella dôr,
 Aquella pena e padecer
 Com que choravais, donzella,
 Vosso amor.

E quando vos amortecida
 Se lagrimas faltavão
 Não faltava
 A vosso filho e vossa vida
 Chorar as que lhe ficavão
 De quando orava.

Porque muito mais sentia
 Polos seus padecimentos
 Ver-vos tal.
 Mais que quanto padecia
 Lhe doia,
 E dobrava seus tormentos
 Vosso mal.

Gentle dove, when her Son died,
When her God was crucified,
Ah, what tears her grief attest !

O precious tears that well
From that virgin heart, distilled
One by one !
Flowing they thy sorrow tell,
And those perfect eyes have filled,
And still flow on.

Ah, who but one might have,
In it manifestly
That grief to prove,
That woe and suffering grave
That such weeping brought to thee
For thy love.

Fainting with grief, if failed
Thy tears, yet might not fail
Thy Son, thy Life,
Who to the cross was nailed,
Fresh tears, that could avail
In prayer at strife.

For when thee thus fainting
He in His anguish saw
All lifeless,
More than all His suffering
Him did wring,
And pangs twofold from Him draw
Thy distress.

Se se podesse dizer,
 Se se podesse rezar
 Tanta dór,
 Se se podesse fazer
 Podermos ver
 Qual estavais ao cravar
 Do Redemptor !

Ó ferrosa face bella,
 Ó resplendor divinal,
 Qué sentistes
 Quando a cruz se poz á vela
 E, posto nella,
 O filho celestial
 Que paristes !

Vendo por cima da gente
 Assomar vosso conforto
 Tão chagado,
 Cravado tão cruelmente,
 E vos presente ;
 Vendo-vos ser mãe do morto
 E justiçado !

Ó rainha delicada,
 Sanctitade escurecida,
 Quem não chora
 Em ver morta debruçada
 A avogada,
 A força da nossa vida !

No words have ever told,
 No prayer or litany wailed
 Such grief and loss :
 Our thought may not enfold
 Nor thee behold,
 As thou wert when He was nailed
 Upon the cross !

To thee, O lovely face,
 Wherein Heaven's beauty shone,
 What woe was given
 When the cross on high they place,
 And, thereupon
 Nailèd, the Son of Heaven,
 Even thy Son !

Then o'er their heads on high
 He who was thy delight
 Came to thy sight,
 Nailèd so cruelly,
 Thee standing by,
 The Mother of Him who died
 There crucified !

Frail Queen of Holiness,
 Who would not weep to see
 Thee thus o'erthrown,
 Fainting and motionless,
 Who dost uphold and bless
 Our life alone !

7. A ALMA.

Com que força, com que sprito
Te darei tristes louvores,
Que sou nada,
Vendo-te, Deos infinito,
Tão afflito,
Padecendo tu as dôres,
E eu culpada ?

Como estás tão quebrantado,
Filho de Deus immortal !
Quem te matou ?
Senhor, por cujo mandado
Es justiçado,
Sendo Deos universal,
Que nos creou ?

7. A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART.

WITH what heart and soul contrite
May I praise Thee sadly now,
Who am nought,
Seeing Thee, God infinite,
To such plight
Of suffering and sorrow bow,
By my sin brought !

Lord, how art Thou crushed and broken,
Thou, the Son of God, to die!
And Thy death
By whom ordered, by what token
The word spoken
Thee to judge and crucify,
Who gav'st us breath ?

8. VILANCETE.

ADORAE montanhas
O Deos das alturas,
Tambem as verduras,
Adorae desertos
E serras floridas
O Deos dos secretos,
O Senhor das vidas;
Ribeiras crescidas
Louvae nas alturas
Deos das creaturas.
Louvae arvoredos
De fructo presado,
Digão os penedos :
Deos seja louvado,
E louve meu gado
Nestas verduras
O Deos das alturas.

8. A SHEPHERD'S SONG.

WORSHIP, O mountains,
The God unseen,
And ye pastures green ;
Ye deserts adore,
And ye flowered hills,
The Lord who earth fills
With life evermore,
Praise Him, rivers and rills,
God of earth and sky :
Praise Him on high.
With fruits' fair stock
Ye woods Him praise,
Ye mountain-ways
And every rock ;
Praise Him, my flock
In these pastures green,
The God unseen.

9. PSALMO.

Ó DEVOTAS almas felis
 Para sempre sem cessar
 Laudate *Dominum* de coelis,
 Laudate Eum *in excelsis*
 Quanto se pôde louvar.
 Louvae, anjos do Senhor,
 Ao Senhor das altezas,
 E todalas profundezas
 Louvae vosso criador
 Com todas suas grandezas.
Laudate Eum, sol et luna,
Laudate Eum, stellae et lumen,
Et lauda, Hierusalem,
 Ao Senhor que te enfuna
 Neste portal de Bethlem.
 Louvae o Senhor dos céos,
 Louvae-o, agua das aguas,
 Que sobre o céo sois firmadas ;
 E louvae o Senhor Deos
 Relampagos e trovoadas.
Laudate Dominum de terra,
Dracones et omnes abyssi,
 E todas diversidades
 De nevoas e serra,
 Ventos, nuvens, *et eclipsi*,

9. A PSALM.

PRAISE the Lord on high,
Spirits of the blest !
Praise Him in the sky,
His glory ceaselessly
Let your song attest.
Angels of the Lord,
And depths of darkest night
By you the Lord of might
Ever be adored
In power infinite.
Praise Him, sun and moon,
Praise Him, stars and light,
And Jerusalem,
To great glory grown
By His birth this night.
Praise to God be given,
Waters that are sent
O'er the firmament.
Praise the Lord of Heaven,
Thunder and lightning blent.
Praise Him on the earth,
Dragons and all ye depths,
And after your kind,
Mists and mountain-heights,
Clouds, eclipses, wind.

E louvae-o, tempestades,
Bestiae et universa
Pecora, volucres, serpentes,
Louvae-o, todalas gentes,
E toda a cosa diversa
Que no mundo sois presentes.

All ye nations, praise,
Wild beasts, tempest-shocks,
Serpents, birds, and flocks,
All that the world locks
In its diverse ways.

10. ESPARSA.

A SUIDADE na mulher
Mata o coração e alma
Porque momento não acalma
A tormenta que tiver.
Que tu, se te vas de mi,
Verás outras formosuras,
Fallas e ouves doçuras ;
Mas eu não vejo sem ti
Senão cousas muito escuras.

10. WOMAN'S REGRET AND LONGING KILL.

WOMAN's regret and longing kill
In her both her heart and soul,
Since no moment may console
Her sorrow, or her torture still.
Sweet things shalt thou say and hear
Still, and other beauty see
If thou goest now from me ;
But *I*, when thou art not near,
Must live in sad obscurity.

II. CANTIGA DE AMIGO.

DONDE vindes filha
Branca e colorida?—
De lá venho, madre,
De ribas de um rio.
Achei meus amores
Num rosal florido.—
Florida, minha filha
Branca e colorida.—
De lá venho, madre,
De ribas de um alto.
Achei meus amores
Num rosal granado.—
Granado, minha filha
Branca e colorida.

II. A LOVE SONG.

DAUGHTER, whence come you
So white and so fair?—
Mother, I come
From the banks of a river.
There found I my love
By a rose-tree in flower.—
In flower, my daughter
So white and so fair.—
Mother, I come
From the banks of a stream.
There found I my love
By a red rose-tree.—
Red rose-tree, my daughter
So white and so fair.

12. JÁ NÃO QUER MINHA SENHORA.

JÁ não quer minha senhora
 Que lhe falle em apartado.
 Ó que mal tão alongado !

Minha senhora me disse
 Que me quer fallar hum dia,
 Agora por meu peccado
 Disse-me que não podia.
 Ó que mal tão alongado !

Minha senhora me disse
 Que me queria fallar,
 Agora por meu peccado
 Não me quer ver nem olhar.
 Ó que mal tão alongado !

Agora por meu peccado
 Disse-me que não podia.
 Irme-hei triste polo mundo
 Onde me levar a dita.
 Ó que mal tão alongado !

12. THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER

Now no more my lady wills
That I speak with her alone.
How am I now woebegone !

Unto me my lady said
One day she would speak with me,
Now I for my sins atone,
Since she says it may not be.
How am I now woebegone !

For to me my lady said
That she fain would speak with me,
Now I for my sins atone,
Since me now she will not see.
How am I now woebegone !

Now I for my sins atone,
Since she says it may not be,
Through the world will I be gone
Where'er fortune carry me.
How am I now woebegone !

13. APARTÃO-ME HÃO DE VÓS.

APARTÃO-ME hão de vós,
 Garrido amor !
 Eu amei hūa senhora
 De todo o meu coração,
 Quiz Deos e minha ventura
 Que não m'a querem dar, não,
 Garrido amor !

Não me vós querem dare,
 Irme hei a terras agenas
 A chorar meu pesare,
 Garrido amor !

Ja vedes minha partida,
 Os meus olhos ja se vão,
 Se se parte a minha vida
 Cá me fica o coração,
 Garrido amor !

13. THE ESCUDEIRO'S SONG.

FROM my love me they would part,
From my love so fair.
A fair lady did I love,
Loved with all my mind and heart,
But fortune and the fates above
Keep me still from her apart,
From my love so fair.

And since her from me they keep,
Will I go to distant lands,
My ill fortune there to weep
And my love so fair.

Now must I from her depart,
But if thus my eyes that grieve
And my life my love must leave,
Here, O here remains my heart
With my love so fair.

14. TIRAE OS OLHOS DE MIM.

TIRAE os olhos de mim,
Minha vida e meu descanso,
Que me estais namorando.
Os vossos olhos, senhora,
Senhora de formosura,
Por cada momento de hora
Dão mil annos de tristura.
Temo de não ter ventura,
Vida, não m'esteis olhando,
Que me estais namorando.

14. TAKE, O TAKE THOSE EYES AWAY.

THOU that art my life and solace,
O no longer look upon me,
To such love thy eyes have won me.
For thy fair eyes have such power,
They give thousand years of sadness—
Thou of loveliness the flower—
In each instant of each hour,
And I fear to lose my gladness.
O no longer look upon me,
To such love thy eyes have won me.

15. ONDE ESTÁ MINHA ALEGRIA.

ONDE está minha alegria
 Que sempre foge de mi?
 Vem ca, não faças assi
 Que em ver-te descansaria.

Eco: Iria.

Iria lá, mas foges mais,
 Ó tristes saudades minhas,
 Nestas montanhas maninhas
 Que descanso he o que dais?

Eco: Ais.

Ais, leixai partir a vida
 E partir-vos-heis daqui,
 Tal estou, triste de mi
 Que não sei se he ja partida.

Eco: Ida.

15. ECHO.

WHERE the joy that, once my guest,
Now doth ever from me flee ?
Come, for if thy face I see,
Thou wilt all my grief arrest.

Echo : Rest.

Rest how gladly, could I find
That which still from me will go :
In these mountains stern, unkind,
What relief canst thou bestow ?

Echo : Woe.

Woe, then take my life away,
So wilt thou leave me alone,
Who know not if it is gone
Now, such grief doth on me weigh.

Echo : Away.

16. CANTIGA DE AMIGO.

HUM amigo que eu havia
Mançanas d'ouro m'envia.
Garrido amor !

Hum amigo que eu amava
Mançanas d'ouro me manda.
Garrido amor !

Mançanas d'ouro m'envia,
A melhor era partida.
Garrido amor !

16. A LOVE SONG.

A FRIEND of mine, a friend of old,
Sends unto me apples of gold.

Fair is love !

Even unto me now this my friend
Apples, apples of gold doth send.

Fair is love !

Apples of gold he sends amain,
The best of them was split in twain.

Fair is love !

17. Ó CAVALLEIROS DE DEOS.

Ó CAVALLEIROS de Deos,
A vós estou esperando,
Que morrestes pelejando
Por Christo, Senhor dos Céos.
Sois livres de todo o mal,
Sanctos por certo sem falha :
Que quem morre em tal batalha
Merece paz eternal.

17. THE KNIGHTS OF GOD.

KNIGHTS of God, for you we wait,
You who fighting met your fate
For the Christ, the Lord of Heaven.
From all evil are you free,
Holy are you certainly :
Unto him who in such conflict
Dies eternal peace is given.

18. SEPULTURA DE GIL VICENTE.

O GRAN juizo esperando
Jaço aqui nesta morada,
Tambem da vida cansada
Descansando.

Pergunta-me quem fui eu,
Attenta bem pera mi,
Porque tal fui como ti
E tal has de ser com' eu.

E pois tudo a isto vem,
O lector, de meu conselho
Toma-me por teu espelho,
Olha-me e olha-te bem.

18. GIL VICENTE'S EPITAPH.

I who lie this stone below
For the Day of Judgment wait,
From life's weary fevered state
Resting now.

Who I was thou wouldest know—
Listen therefore unto me :
For as I am thou shalt be
And I once was even as thou.

Reader, since it is decreed
That all things must come to this,
Look in what thy mirror is,
And, seeing, to thyself give heed.

19. CANTIGA DE AMIGO.

DEL rosal vengo, mi madre,
Vengo del rosale.
Á riberas de aquel vado
Viera estar rosal granado.
Vengo del rosale.
Á riberas de aquel rio
Viera estar rosal florido,
Vengo del rosale.
Viera estar rosal florido,
Cogi rosas con suspiro.
Vengo del rosale.
Del rosal vengo, mi madre,
Vengo del rosale.

19. A LOVE SONG.

I COME from the rose-tree, mother,
I come from the rose-tree.
By the banks of yonder stream
I saw red roses gleam.
I come from the rose-tree.
By the river the rose-tree
All in flower did I see.
I come from the rose-tree.
All in flower before my eyes
And the roses plucked with sighs.
I come from the rose-tree.
I come from the rose-tree, mother,
I come from the rose-tree.

20. CONSUELO.

CONSUELO, véte con Dios,
Pues ves la vida que sigo
No pierdas tiempo conmigo.
Consuelo mal empleado
No consueles mi tristura,
Véte a quien tiene ventura
Y deja el desventurado.
No quiero ser consolado
Antes me pesa contigo,
No pierdas tiempo conmigo.

20. CONSOLATION.

CONSOLATION, be thou gone,
Since my sorrow thou mayst see,
Waste no time to dwell with me
Leave me to myself alone,
Seek not to console my sadness,
Go to him who lives in gladness,
And leave me, the hapless one.
Consolation will I none,
And but gloom can find in thec :
Waste no time to dwell with me.

21. VILANCETE.

Á tí, dino de adorar,
Á tí, nuestro Dios, loamos,
Á tí, señor, confesamos
Sanctus, Sanctus, sin cesar.
Inmenso Padre Eternal
Omnis terra honra á tí,
Tibi omnes angeli
Y el coro celestial.
Pues que es dino de adorar,
Querubines te cantamos,
Arcángeles te bradamos
Sanctus, Sanctus, sin cesar.

21. SONG OF ANGELS.

WORTHY of adoration, Thee,
O Lord our God, we praise ;
To Thee our hymn we raise,
“Holy, Holy,” ceaselessly.
To laud Thee doth conspire
All earth and honour most
With the angelic host
In their celestial choir.
Worthy of adoration, Thee
We Cherubim do sing,
Archangels’ voices ring,
“Holy, Holy,” ceaselessly.

22. EN LA HUERTA NACE LA ROSA.

EN la huerta nace la rosa :
 Quierome ir allá
 Para mirar al ruiseñor
 Como cantaba.

Por las riberas del río
 Limones coge la virgo :
 Quierome ir allá
 Para mirar al ruiseñor
 Como cantaba.

Limones cogia la virgo
 Para dar al su amigo :
 Quierome ir allá
 Para mirar al ruiseñor
 Como cantaba.

Para dar al su amigo
 En un sombrero de sirgo :
 Quierome ir allá
 Para mirar al ruiseñor
 Como cantaba.

22. IN THE GARDEN THE ROSES BLOW.

IN the garden the roses blow :
Thither, thither would I go
To hear the nightingale in song
All the night long.

By the bank of the stream
She is gathering lemons :
And thither would I go
To hear the nightingale in song
All the night long.

She was gathering lemons
To give to her love :
And thither would I go
To hear the nightingale in song
All the night long.

In a silken hat
To give to her love :
And thither would I go
To hear the nightingale in song
All the night long.

23. CUAL ES LA NIÑA ?

CUAL es la niña
Que coge las flores
Sino tiene amores ?
Cogía la niña
La rosa florida,
El hortelanico
Prendas le pedía
Sino tiene amores.

23. WHO IS THE MAIDEN ?

WHO is the maiden
Who is gathering flowers
And is not love-laden ?
But she now would gather
A rose, the fair maiden,
And he of the garden
Besought for the favour,
If she is not love-laden.

24. O MI PASIÓN DOLOROSA.

O mi pasión dolorosa
Aun que penes no te quejes
Ni te acabes ni me dejes.
Dos mil suspiros envío
Y doblados pensamientos
Que no tragan más tormentos
Al triste corazon mio.
Pues amor, que es señorío,
Te manda que no me dejes,
No te acabes ni me dejes.

24. O MY PASSION AND MY GRIEF.

O MY passion and my grief,
Yet complain not to bereave me
Of thy woe, nor cease nor leave me.
Evermore I sigh and pine
With my sorrowing thoughts intent
That no further pang be sent
Unto this sad heart of mine.
But Love, in his right divine,
Thee commands now not to leave me,
Not to cease and not to leave me.

25. AFUERA, AFUERA, NUBLADOS.

AFUERA, afuera, nublados,
 Neblinas y ventisqueros,
 Reverdeen los oteros,
 Los valles, priscos y prados.
 Sea el frio rebentado,
 Salgan los frescos vapores,
 Píntese el campo de flores,
 Alégrese lo sembrado.
 Vúelvase la hermosura
 Á cada cosa en su grado,
 Á los flores su blancura,
 Á la tierra su verdura,
 Que el bravo tiempo ha robado.
 Bendito el triunfo mio
 Que da claridad al cielo,
 Y no es menos el zelo
 De lo que es mi señorío.
 El Dios de los amadores
 Me dió su poder y llaves
 Que mande cantar las aves
 Los salmos de sus amores.
 Y las damas sin piedad
 Sepan que soy ya venido,
 Y que me manda Cupido
 Que no goce mi amistad
 Corazon desagradecido.

25. THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

CLOUDS and tempests, get ye gone,
 Hence, ye mists and every shadow,
 Let field, valley, hill, and meadow
 Shine with green as erst they shone.
 Cold and frost we now may spurn,
 Let soft vapours fill the air,
 Grass be gay with flowers fair,
 Gladness to the crops return ;
 All after their kind be seen
 In their beauty and their brightness,
 Flowers in their robe of whiteness,
 And the Earth in vestment green,
 Stolen away by winter keen.¹
 Blest my triumph, that afar
 Now irradiates the sky,
 And in equal pleasure vie
 All that of my kingdom are.
 The God of lovers unto me
 Entrusted has his keys and power
 That at my bidding in this hour
 The birds their psalms of love may sing.
 And you heartless ones who see
 I am here, bear this in mind—
 This command of love I bring :
 No friend of mine that heart shall be
 That is cruel and unkind.

¹ There are several indications in Gil Vicente's description of winter and spring near Lisbon that the winters of the sixteenth century were more severe than they are in the twentieth. Now it is winter, not spring, that spreads green over the earth, and the heat of summer that steals it away.

26. O INVERNO.

Soy portero de los vientos,
Pastor de las tempestades,
Ayo de las frialdades,
Ira de los elementos ;
Maestresala de la luna,
De los hielos corretor,
Y soy capitán mayor
De la marina fortuna.
Aunque veais mi figura
Hecha un salvage bruto
Yo cubro el aire de luto
Y las sierras de blancura.
Quito las sombras graciosas
Debajo de los castaños,
Y hago á los ermitaños
Encovar como raposas.
Hago mustios los perales
Los bosques frescos medoños,
Y alegres los madroños
Y llorosos los rosales.
Hago sonar las campanas
Muy lejos con mis primores
Y callar los ruiseñores
Y los grillos y las ranas.
Hago á buenos y ruines
Cerrar ventanas y puertas,

26. WINTER.

THE winds to me obedient
I keep : all cold and tempest shocks
Follow me and are my flocks ;
Scourge of every element
Am I, master of the moon ;
Frost and ice obey my call
That am the high admiral
Of ships with which the sea is strewn.
Though my look your mind estranges
As if I a ruffian were,
I can fill with black the air
And with white the mountain-ranges.
All the pleasant shade I strip
From beneath the chestnut-trees,
And the hermits, as I please,
To their lairs like foxes skip.
To decay I turn the pears,
And the fresh, green woods destroy ;
The strawberry-plants grow red with joy
And the roses fill with tears.
Sound of bells aloud, afar,
Through the countryside I ring ;
To nightingales I silence bring,
Frogs and crickets silent are.
Windows closed at my breath
And doors the just and unjust keep,

Y hago llorar las huertas
La muerte de los jardines.
Las viñas hago marchitas
Y los arroyos riberas,
Hago lagunas las eras
Y cisternas las ermitas.

And I make the orchards weep
In sorrow for the gardens' death.
Yellow and thin the vines with age
And rivers of the streams I make,
Of each threshing-floor a lake,
A cistern of each hermitage.

27. O VERÃO.

LAS abejas colmeneras
 Ya me zuñen los oídos
 Paciendo por los floridos
 Las flores mas placenteras.
 Cuán granado viene el trigo !
 Nuestro amigo,
 Que, pese á todos los vientos,
 Los pueblos trae contentos :
 Todos estan bien conmigo.
 El sol, que estaba sumido,
 Partido deste horizon
 Se sube á septentrion
 En este tiempo garrido ;
 Por eso vengo florido,
 Engrandecido,
 Dando mal grado á Enero ;
 Geminis, Toro, y el Carnero
 Me traen loco perdido.
 Hago claras las riberas,
 El frío echo en las fuentes,
 El tomillo por los montes
 Huele de dos mil maneras.
 La luna cuán clara sale !
 Si me vale,
 Tengo tres meses floridos
 Y despues de estos cumplidos
 Es por fuerza que me calle.

27. SPRING.

Now the sound in spring's glad hours
Of thronging bees my ear embraces,
That throughout the flowered spaces
Rifle all the fairest flowers.
See how laden now doth stand
Our friendly corn in all the land,
That in spite of every wind
Fills with joy the peasant's mind :
None are from my friendship banned.
And the sun sunk till this hour
From yon verge now goeth forth
And returns towards the north
In this time of sun and shower ;
So that I come all aflower
And in power,
Against January's will,
And bereft of senses am
By the Twins and Bull and Ram.
At my bidding every rill
Clears, and cold in springs is pent ;
Far and near of thyme the scent
Lavished is across the hill,
And how clear goes forth the moon !
Alas ! too soon,
When three flowered months are spent
That are as my dower sent,
Silent must I hence begone.

28. LA NAVE DE AMORES.

MUY serena está la mar,
A los remos, remadores !
Esta es la nave de amores.
Al compas que las sirenas
Cantarán nuevos cantares
Remareis con tristes penas
Vuesos remos de pesares ;
Terneis suspiros á pares,
Y á pares los dolores :
Esta es la nave de amores.
Y remando atormentados
Hallareis otras tormentas
Con mares desesperados
Y desastradas afrentas ;
Terneis las vidas contentas
Con los dolores mayores :
Esta es la nave de amores.
De remar y trabajar
Llevareis el cuerpo muerto,
Y al cabo del navegar
Se empieza á perder el puerto,
Aunque el mal sea tan cierto,
Á los remos remadores !
Esta es la nave de amores.

28. THE SHIP OF LOVE.

VERY tranquil lies the sea,
Rowers to your places move :
Even this is the ship of love.
While new songs the sirens sing
To their cadence you shall row,
Sorrow to your oars shall cling,
And in sadness and in woe
New sighs from old sighs shall grow,
And more griefs your spirit prove :
Even this is the ship of love.
And as thus you row distressed,
Fresh distresses shall you find,
Seas of danger and unrest,
Storms and buffeting of wind ;
Yet content will in your mind
Reign all pain and grief above :
Even this is the ship of love.
When with rowing and with toil
All your strength is wellnigh spent,
You shall lose your hope's fair spoil :
The port whither your course was bent,
Though these ills be surely sent,
Rowers to your places move :
For this, even this, is the ship of love.

29. SIRENAS, POR MI AMOR.

SIRENAS, por mi amor
Que no canteis más os pido
Porque el Verano es venido,
Mi enemigo mayor,
Y capitán de Cupido.
Esperallo no me cale,
Vos os podereis quedar
Y acoger á la mar
Si la tierra no os vale.

29. WINTER TO THE SIRENS.

SING no more, for love of me,
Sirens, sing no more, I pray,
For my fiercest enemy,
Even Spring, is come this way,
And Love in his company.
Here no more may I delay ;
But for you still shall the sea
From the heat a refuge be
If your wish be here to stay.

30. CANTIGA.

MUY graciosa es la doncella,
Como es bella y hermosa !
Digas tu, el marinero,
Que en las naves vivías,
Si la nave ó la vela ó la estrella
Es tan bella.

Digas tu, el caballero,
Que las armas vestías,
Si el caballo ó las armas ó la guerra
Es tan bella.

Digas tu, el pastorcico,
Que el ganadico guardas,
Si el ganado ó las valles ó la sierra
Es tan bella.

30. LOVE SONG.

How comely the maiden,
How lovely and fair !
Now tell me, thou sailor,
Who hast lived on the sea,
If ship, sail or star
Is fair as she.

And tell me, thou knight,
Wont in arms to be,
If steed, arms or war
Is fair as she.

And thou, shepherd-boy,
As thou keepest thy sheep,
If flock, hill or valley
Is fair as she.

31. VILANCETE.³

CUANDO la Virgen bendita
Lo parió
Todo el mundo lo sentió.
Los coros angelicales
Todos cantan nueva gloria,
Los tres reis la vitoria
De las almas humanales.
En las tierras principales
Se sonó
Cuando nuestro Dios nació.

31. WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN.

WHEN Christ was born of Virgin blest
All the Earth
Felt and marvelled at His birth,
The host of angels then,
Lo, a new glory sings,
And victory the three kings
For the souls of men.
To great lands East and West
Then in mirth
Travelled the tidings of our Saviour's birth.

32. VILANCETE.

POR más que la vida pene
No se pierda la esperanza
Porque la desconfianza
Sola la muerte la tiene.

Si fortuna dolorida
Tuviere quien bien la sienta
Sentirá que toda afrenta
Se remedia con la vida.

Y pues doble gloria tiene
Despues del mal la bonanza,
No se pierda la esperanza
En cuanto muerte no viene.

32. HOPE.

THOUGH life be full of sorrow,
Yet never hope be lost
Nor by despair be crossed :
Death only has no morrow.

And if in grief and pain
Our whole life seem to sink,
Still some cure may we think
To find if life remain.

And since brings double joy
Calm to the tempest-tossed,
So never hope be lost
Till death come to destroy.

33. Á TODOS DAS SEPULTURA.

Á todos das sepultura,
Muerte : díme que es de tí,
Que te amo,
Y por mi gran desventura
Tú te haces sorda á mí
Que te llamo.
Pues mi ánima se enoja
Con las tristes ancias mias
Tan penada,
Rasgada sea la hoja
Adó estan escritos mis dias,
Y quemada.

33. INVITATION TO DEATH.

DEATH, where art thou, that a grave
Freely givest unto all ?
I now woo thee,
And in this great sorrow have
That thou hearest not my call
Who cry to thee.
For since, anguish-vexed, my soul,
By my grief and sadness smitten,
Is to joy dead,
Rent in pieces be the scroll
Whereon all my days are written,
And consumèd !

34. O FLORESTA DE DOLORES.

O FLORESTA de dolores,
Arboles dulces, floridos,
Immortales,
Secáredes vuesas flores
Si tuviérades sentidos
Humanales.

Que partiéndose de aquí
Quien hace tan soberana
Mi tristura,
Vos, de mancilla de mí,
Estuviérades mañana
Sin verdura.

34. A LOVER'S LAMENT.

O wood of woe and grief
And fair flowered trees that hence
Ne'er shall go,
Ye would wither, flower and leaf,
Were human thought and sense
Yours to know.

Since departed now is she,
Who my bitterness can raise
To a throne,
You in sympathy for me
Would stand bare for all your days,
Leafless grown.

35. TRES DIAS HA QUE NO VIENE.

TRES dias ha que no viene,
 Guisándome está la muerte
 Mi señora.

Señora, quien te detiene ?
 No sé como estoy sin verte
 Sola una hora.

Pues de darme eres servida
 Despiadosa batalla
 Y triste guerra,
 Y mi paz está perdida,
 Muerte, llévame á buscalla
 So la tierra.

Que cuando amor me prendió
 Dijo : Presto has de morir
 Por justicia.
 Luego me sentenció,
 Y aluéngame el vivir
 Con malicia.

Dios de amor, no te contentas
 Que te quiero dar la vida
 Neste dia,
 La misma que tú atormentas ?
 Sácame la dolorida
 Alma mia.

35. THREE DAYS SHE HAS NOT COME TO ME.

THREE days she has not come to me,
 And my life is in her power,
 And my delight.
 Lady mine, who thus prevents thee ?
 How can I live but one hour
 From thy sight ?

Since thy anger will not cease
 And such war it is thy pleasure
 I should have,
 Since lost is all my peace
 Take me, Death, to seek this treasure
 In the grave.

For to me when Love first won me,
 He said : "Condemned art thou
 Soon to die."
 Thus he passed sentence upon me,
 But my life prolongeth now
 Cruelly.

God of Love, is't not thy will
 My life from me to receive
 On this day,
 Even the life that thou dost kill,
 And my soul that sorrows grieve
 Bear away ?

Qué mas quieres, O huerta,
Deseo verte arrancada
Donde estó :
Quemada tu cerca y tu puerta,
Pues estás tan olvidada
Como yo.

Tu diosa porqué no viene
Ver que esto suyo se va
Al infierno
Onde por su amor pene ?
Y la gloria será
Que es eterno.

And thou, garden, my desire
Is to see thee spoiled and torn
And desolate lie,
Fence and gate all burnt with fire,
Since now thou art forlorn
Even as I.

Why then comes thy goddess not,
To see how all her garden
I destroy ?
And for love of her its lot
It bears gladly, nor seeks pardon
From such joy !

36. AVANTE, DESDICHA MIA

AVANTE, desdicha mia
 Pues corres en pos de mí
 No á ciegas,
 Acaba, que bien sería
 La muerte que te pedí
 Y me niegas.

O fortuna sin piedad
 Como eres descompasada
 Sin medida !
 Pues nací con brevedad
 Dame muerte abreviada
 Y no cumplida.

Si el nacer fue en un momento,
 Porqué muero en tantos días
 Padeciendo,
 De suerte que siempre siento
 La muerte de Jeremías,
 Yo viviendo ?

Tu y los cielos y Dios
 Me teneis mal tratado,
 Y lo peor
 No haber siquiera en vos
 Piedad deste cuitado
 Labrador.

36. COME, MISFORTUNE.

COME, misfortune, since so plainly
In my steps thus followest thou
Without erring,
Make an end, bring Death that vainly
Sought I of thee then and now,
To life preferring.

Cruel fate that me forlorn
Wouldst from woe to woe see drift
Without measure,
Since in brief space was I born
Let my death likewise be swift,
Not at thy leisure.

If my birth was but a day,
Why so many now of death
Dost thou give,
So that death doth on me weigh
Who so sadly draw my breath
And still must live ?

Fortune and Heaven's will
Have so maltreated me,
And no relief
From those who me thus kill,
No pity may I see
For all my grief.

Que en esta sierra dó moro
Las aves y animales
Han pesar
Porque grito, porque lloro,
Porque son mis llantos tales
Sin cansar.

Y las bravas espesuras
Me fueron y son piadosas
Hasta aquí,
Y las grutas mas escuras
Desean de ser lumbrosas
Para mí.

In these mountains where I dwell,
Every animal and bird
Is sad for me,
For my cries and tears that well
And my lamentations heard
Ceaselessly.

Yea, the thickets wild have shown
Their pity when my plight
They see,
And caves where light ne'er shone
Wish that they were filled with light
To offer me.

37. O QUE PALACIO CONSAGRADO.

O QUE palacio consagrado,
 Pues que tienes en tu mano
 Tal tesoro,
 Debieras de ser lavrado
 De otro metal mas ufano
 Que el oro.

Hubieran de ser rubines,
 Esmeraldas muy polidas
 Tus ventanas,
 Pues que pueblan serafines
 Tus entradas y salidas
 Soberanas.

Yo adoro, diosa mia,
 Más que á los dioses sagrados
 Tu alteza,
 Que eres dios de mi alegría,
 Criador de mis cuidados
 Y tristeza.

A tí adoro causadora
 De este vil oficio triste
 Que escogí,
 Á ti adoro, señora,
 Que mi ánima quisiste
 Para ti.

37. SACRED MUST THOU, PALACE, BE.

SACRED must thou, palace, be
 That such treasure in thy hand
 Dost enfold,
 Fairer, if aught alchemy
 Fairer yield, thy walls should stand
 Ev'n than gold.

Then, ah then, clear rubies red
 And fair polished emeralds green
 Thy windows were,
 Since thee have angels visited
 And in thy entrances are seen
 That are so fair.

I adore thee, goddess mine,
 More than all the gods divine,
 That art my gladness,
 Yea, the goddess of my joy
 And of cares that me annoy
 And my sadness.

Thee I worship evermore
 And for thee myself abase,
 So to woo thee ;
 Thee, O lady, I adore
 That my heart from out its place
 Drawest to thee.

Tu duermes, yo me desvelo,
Y tambien está dormida
Mi esperanza:
Yo solo, señora, velo
Sin Dios, sin alma, sin vida
Y sin mudanza.

Si el consuelo viene á mí
Como á mortal enemigo
Le requiero:
Consuelo véte de ahí,
No pierdas tiempo conmigo,
Ni te quiero.

I still watch while thou art sleeping
And the hope that o'er me stole
Doth likewise sleep :
I alone my watch am keeping
That the loss of life and God and soul
Must ever weep.

And all consolation
As a mortal enemy
I repel,
Saying : "Of thee will I none ;
Waste not then thy time with me.
Fare thee well."

38. ROMANCE.

EN el mes era de Abril,
 De Mayo antes un dia,
 Cuando lirios y rosas
 Muestran más su alegría,
 En la noche más serena
 Que el cielo hacer podía,
 Cuando la hermosa Infanta
 Flerida ya se partía.
 En la huerta de su padre
 Á los árboles decía :
 Quedaos á Dios, mis flores,
 Mi gloria que ser solía,
 Voyme a tierras estrangeras
 Pues ventura allá me guia.
 Si mi padre me buscare,
 Que grande bien me quería,
 Digan que amor me lleva,
 Que no fue la culpa mia.
 Tal tema tomó connigo,
 Que me venció su porfia.
 Triste no sé adó gó
 Ni nadie me lo decía.
 Allí habla Dom Duardos :
 No lloréis, mí alegría,
 Que en los reinos de Inglaterra
 Más claras aguas había,

38. FLERIDA AND DOM DUARDOS.

IT was in the month of April,
 One day from the month of May,
 When the roses and the lilies
 Don their loveliest array,
 And the night so calm and tranquil
 As e'er heavens might display,
 When Flerida the fair Infanta
 Was to start upon her way.
 In the garden of her father
 To the trees there she did say :
 “ Fare ye well now, O my flowers,
 That were wont to make me gay,
 For to foreign lands I travel,
 Since my fortune thither lay.
 To my father, if he seek me,
 Since so well he loved me, say
 That not mine, not mine the fault was,
 Love it is bears me away ;
 For he spake with such insistence
 That I might not say him nay.
 But I know not, none hath told me,
 Whither sad at heart I stray.”
 Then spake to her Dom Duardos :¹
 “ Weep not, lady mine, I pray,
 For within the realm of England
 Clearer streams there are alway,

¹ Edward.

Y más hermosos jardines
 Y vuesos, señora mia.
 Terneis trecientas doncellas
 De alta genealogía.
 De plata son los palacios
 Para vuesa señoría,
 De esmeraldas y jacintas,
 De oro fino de Turquía,
 Con letreros esmaltados
 Que cuentan la vida mia.
 Cuentan los vivos dolores
 Que me distes aquel dia
 Cuando con Primalion
 Fuertemente combatía.
 Señora, vos me matastes
 Que yo á el no lo temía.
 Sus lágrimas consolaba
 Flerida que esto oía :
 Fuéronse a las galeras
 Que Dom Duardos tenía.
 Cincuenta eran por cuenta,
 Todas van en compañía :
 Al son de sus dulces remos
 La princesa se adormecía
 En brazos de Dom Duardos,
 Que bien le pertenecía.
 Sepan cuantos son nacidos
 Aquesta sentencia mia :
 Que contra la muerte y amor
 Nadie no tiene valía.

And gardens that are fairer far,
And thine, lady, are they.
Three hundred noble maidens
Shall thy behests obey.
Of silver are the palaces
That are thine, lady, this day,
Yea, of fine gold from Turkey,
Jacinths, emeralds, are they,
Adornèd with inscriptions
That all my life portray :
E'en of the cruel pains they tell
Thou gav'st me on that day
When I with Primaleon
Was mortally at fray.
Not he, for him I feared not,
But thou didst me then slay."
These words now when Flerida heard
Her grief they might allay,
And to Dom Duardos' ships they went
That there at anchor stay :
Fifty they were in number
That as one their anchors weigh.
To the soft sound of the rowing
The Princess sleeping lay,
Asleep now in Dom Duardos' arms,
Since she was his this day.
Now therefore to all men be known
The moral of my lay :
Against the might of Death and Love
In vain is all assay.

39. ROMANCE.

VOCES daban prisioneros,
 Luengo tiempo estan llorando,
 En triste cárcel escura
 Padeciendo y suspirando,
 Con palabras dolorosas
 Sus prisiones quebrantando :
 “Que es de tí Vírgen y Madre,
 Que á tí estamos esperando ?
 Despierta el Señor del mundo,
 No estemos mas penando.”

La Vírgen estaba orando
 Cuando vinó la embajada
 Por el ángel saludando
 “Ave rosa gracia plena,”
 Su preñez le anunciando.
 “Suelta los encarcelados
 Que por tí estan suspirando,
 Por la muerte de tu hijo
 Á su padre estan rogando.
 Crezca el niño glorioso
 Que la cruz está esperando,
 Su muerte será cuchillo
 Tu ánima traspasando.
 Sufre su muerte, Señora,
 Nuestra vida deseando.”

39. THE PRISONERS.

WEARILY with tears of anguish
 Prisoners aloud were crying,
 In a dark and dismal prison
 Suffering and sighing for their fate ;
 With words sorrowful their fetters
 Now to loosen they are vying :
 “Where art thou, O Virgin Mother,
 For whom still in hope we wait ?
 The Lord of all the world awaken
 To redeem our piteous state.”
 As the Virgin knelt in prayer
 The angel now came flying :
 “Ave rosa gratiâ plena ”
 Greeting her predestinate.
 “Release the hapless prisoners
 Who for thee are ever sighing,
 For thy Son’s death to His Father
 Early crying are and late.
 Let the Child then grow in glory
 For whom the cross doth wait.
 Though thee a sword shall pierce,
 Yea, thy heart pierce at His dying,
 Suffer His death, O Lady,
 To redeem us from our fate.”

40. LOADO Y GLORIFICADO.

LOADO y glorificado
 Sea nuestro Dios poderoso
 Que me hizo tan dichoso
 Y descansado !

Caso bien aventurado,
 Por mi consuelo acaecido
 Sin tenerlo merecido
 Ni soñado.

Voy á hacerlo saber
 Á mis amados amigos
 Porque sean los testigos
 Del placer.

Y tambien es menester
 Que busque mil alegrías
 Y bailen las canas mias,
 Esto ha de ser.

40. NOW BE GLORY AND ALL PRAISE.

Now be glory and all praise
To the mighty God of heaven,
Who to me such bliss has given
And quiet days.

See what comfort now is mine
And what gladness I inherit,
That such fortune might not merit
Nor divine.

But unto each loving friend,
That they this good chance may bless,
News now of my happiness
Will I send :

Myriad pleasures soon will I
Seek, that nothing shall destroy,
Till my white hairs dance for joy
Presently.

41. CUPIDO.

Á QUIEN contará mis quejas?
 Á quien diré mi tormento?
 Remedio, porqué te alejas
 De ver Amor, que solo dejas
 Neste término momento?

O justa esperanza mia,
 Que fué de mí é de tí?
 Si te viese algun dia
 Ya no te concocería
 Tanto ha que no te ví!

Los que me pintan ciego
 No es así como conviene,
 Que amor tantos ojos tiene
 Como de muertes me ruego,
 Y ninguna me conviene.

41. LOVE'S LAMENT.

To whom shall I my sorrows tell?
Who will listen to my woe?
Why in such a time farewell,
Comfort, wouldest thou bid, and go,
Leaving Love alone to dwell?

Hope, that fair appeared to me,
What away from me could wean thee?
Were I now thy face to see
Still wouldest thou a stranger be,
Since so long I have not seen thee!

They who sightless Love portray
No wise fancy so devise,
For Love has as many eyes
As the deaths for which I pray;
And not one to me replies.

42. O ANGUSTIAS Y PESAR.

O ANGUSTIAS y pesar
Dad ya fin á mis gemidos,
Concluid de me matar,
No cureis de dilatar
Á mis dias consumidos.
Remedio ya no lo quiero,
Que, en comienzo de mi hado,
En alta voz dije : Muero,
Que en mal tan demasiado
Tener cura no espero.

42. DESPAIR.

CRUEL suffering and sorrow
Of my torture make an end,
For no respite would I borrow,
Take no thought then any morrow
Unto my sad days to send.
Cure or comfort will I none,
At the outset of my woe
Said I loudly : “ Life is done ;
Since such torment I have won,
No relief is mine to know.”

43. Á LA GUERRA.

Á la guerra,
 Caballeros esforzados,
 Pues los ángeles sagrados
 Á socorro son en tierra,
 Á la guerra !

Con armas resplandecientes
 Vienen del cielo volando,
 Dios y hombre apellidando
 En socorro de las gentes.

Á la guerra,
 Caballeros esmerados,
 Pues los ángeles sagrados
 Á socorro son en tierra,
 Á la guerra !

43. GO FORTH TO WAR.

Go forth to war,
Ye gallant knights,
Since the angels from the heights
Come to help us upon earth.
Go forth !

See with gleaming armour they
From the sky come earthward flying,
Unto God and mankind crying
In support of our array.

Go forth to war,
Ye noble knights,
Since the angels from the heights
Come to help us upon earth.
Go forth !

44. LA FRAGOA D'AMOR.

EL que quisiere apurarse
 Véngase muy sin temor
 Á la fragoa del amor.

Todo oro que se afina
 Es de mas fina valía.
 Porque tiene mejoría
 De cuando estaba en la mina.
 Ansí se apura y refina
 El hombre y cobra valor
 En la fragoa del amor.

El fuego vivo y ardiente
 Mejor apura el metal,
 Y cuanto mas, mejor sal,
 Mas claro y mas excelente.
 Ansí el vivir presente
 Se para mucho mejor
 En la fragoa del amor.

Cuanto persona mas alta
 Se debe querer mas fina
 Porque es de mas fina mina
 Donde no se espera falta.
 Mas tal oro no se esmalta
 Ni cobra rico color
 Sin la fragoa del amor.

44. THE FORGE OF LOVE.

LET him come without a fear
 Who would his soul's temper prove
 To this forge, the forge of Love.

For all gold that in the fire
 Has been tried must be more fine
 Than it was within the mine,
 And its value will be higher:
 So will his spirit clearer shine,
 And to greater valour move
 Whoso comes to the forge of Love.

The fierce flame is an instrument
 That improves the metal's worth
 And refined sends it forth
 Clearer and more excellent ;
 So will fairer life present,
 All your past life far above,
 This forge, even the forge of Love.

Those who are of high degree,
 Since from fairer mine they come,
 Where no blemish makes its home,
 Should of finer metal be :
 From gold of this quality
 Stains and defects can remove
 Only this forge, the forge of Love.

45. VANSE MIS AMORES, MADRE.

VANSE mis amores, madre,
 Luengas tierras van morar,
 Y no los puedo olvidar.
 Quien me los hará tornar ?
 Quien me los hará tornar ?

Yo soñara, madre, un sueño,
 Que me diónel corazon,
 Que se iban los mis amores
 Á las islas de la mar.
 Y no los puedo olvidar.
 Quien me los hará tornar ?
 Quien me los hará tornar ?

Yo soñara, madre, un sueño,
 Que me diónel corazon,
 Que se iban los mis amores
 Á las tierras de Aragón,
 Allá se van á morar,
 Y no los puedo olvidar.
 Quien me los hará tornar ?
 Quien me los hará tornar ?

45. A LOVE SONG.

MOTHER, my love is going hence
 In distant lands to be,
 But from my mind he cannot go :
 Who will bring him back to me ?
 Who will bring him back to me ?

Mother, it came into my heart,
 In dream it came to me,
 That my dear love was going hence,
 To the islands of the sea ;
 But from my mind he cannot go :
 Who will bring him back to me ?
 Who will bring him back to me ?

Mother, it struck upon my heart,
 In dream it came to me,
 That my dear love was going hence
 Unto a far country,
 Even in Aragon to dwell ;
 But from my mind he cannot go :
 Who will bring him back to me ?
 Who will bring him back to me ?

46. QUE SAÑOSA ESTÁ LA NIÑA !

QUE sañosa está la niña !
 Ay Dios quien le hablaría !

VOLTA.

En la sierra anda la niña
 Su ganado á repastar,
 Hermosa como las flores,
 Sañosa como la mar.
 Sañosa como la mar
 Está la niña :
 Ay Dios quien le hablaría !

46. WHO WOULD SPEAK WITH THE MAIDEN !

WHO would speak with the maiden,
So fierce is she !
Yonder on the hills
She is tending her sheep :
She is fair as the flowers,
And fierce as the sea.
Who would speak with the maiden,
So fierce is she !

47. LOS AMORES DE LA NIÑA.

Los amores de la niña
 Que tan lindos ojos ha,
 Que tan lindos ojos ha,
 Ay Dios quien los habrá !
 Ay Dios quien los habrá !

Tiene los ojos de azor
 Hermosos como la flor,
 Quien los serviere de amor
 No sé como vivirá.
 Que tan lindos ojos ha,
 Ay Dios quien los servirá !
 Ay Dios quien los habrá !

Sus ojos son naturales
 De las águilas reales,
 Los vivos hacen mortales,
 Los muertos suspiran allá,
 Que tan lindos ojos ha,
 Ay Dios quien los servirá !
 Ay Dios quien los habrá !

47. WHO SHALL GAIN THE MAIDEN'S LOVE?

Who shall gain the maiden's love ?
For so lovely are her eyes,
And so lovely are her eyes,
Who shall have them for a prize !

As a hawk's, her eyes no less
Than flowers are in loveliness,
But how may he bear their stress
Who in their fair bondage lies ?
For so lovely are her eyes,
Who shall have them for a prize !

For her eyes, that clear and fair
As a royal eagle's are,
Turn the living to despair,
And the dead are racked with sighs.
For so lovely are her eyes,
Who shall have them for a prize !

48. ÁGUILA QUE DIÓ TAL VUELO.

ÁGUILA que dió tal vuelo
Tambien volará al cielo.
Águila del bel volar
Voló la tierra y la mar :
Pues tan alto fue á posar
De un vuelo
Tambien volará al cielo.
Águila una señora
Muy graciosa voladera,
Si mas alto bien hubiera
En el suelo
Todo llevara de vuelo.
Voló el águila real
Al trono imperial
Porque le era natural
Solo de un vuelo
Subirse al mas alto cielo.

48. THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT.¹

EAGLE that has flown so high
 Might have flown into the sky.
 Eagle of so fair a flight,
 Since it reached so far a height
 Over land and ocean, might
 Even fly
 Out of sight into the sky.
 Eagle is the Princess fair
 Of the royal, graceful air,
 Who, had greater worth been there
 To descry,
 Every rival would defy.
 She, the royal eagle, gone
 To her lord's imperial throne,
 Has received it as her own,
 Since her nature was to fly
 'To the furthest height of sky.

¹ The eagle was the daughter of King Manoel of Portugal, and the occasion her marriage to the Emperor Charles V. "She was," says Damião de Goes, "of such high thoughts that she resolved to marry only the greatest Lord in Christendom, and that was the Emperor Charles V., her first cousin."

49. HALCON QUE SE ATREVE.

HALCON que se atreve
Con garza guerrera
Peligros espera.
Halcon que se vuela
Con garza á porfia
Cazar la quería
Y no la recela :
Mas quien no se vela
De garza guerrera
Peligros espera.
La caza de amor
Es de altanaria,
Trabajos de dia,
De noite dolor.
Halcon cazador
Con garza tan fiera
Peligros espera.

49. FALCON AND HERON.

THE falcon that dares
With heron to fight
Has danger in sight.
The falcon that flies
And with heron would race,
So keen on the chase
That not hidden it lies,
But still with it vies,
And fears not its might,
Has danger in sight.
And the chase of love
Is high falconry,
That by day misery,
By night sorrows prove.
The falcon that strove
With heron in flight
Had danger in sight.

50. ESTANSE DOS HERMANAS.

ESTANSE dos hermanas
 Doliéndose de si,
 Hermosas son entrabbas
 Lo mas que yo nunca ví.
 Hufa ! hufa !
 Á la fiesta, á la fiesta,
 Que las bodas son aquí.

Namorado se habia dellas
 Don Rosvel Tenorí,
 Nunca tan lindos amores
 Yo jamas contar oí.
 Hufa ! hufa !
 Á la fiesta, á la fiesta,
 Que las bodas son aquí.

50. TWO SISTERS ARE BEMOANING.

Two sisters are bemoaning
Their fortune joylessly,
Fairest of maidens are the twain
That ever I might see.
Hurrah, hurrah
For the bridal day !
Rejoicing there shall be.

But now with them was fallen in love
Don Rosvel Tenori,
And never have I love so fair
Heard tell of, verily.
Hurrah, hurrah
For the wedding-day !
Rejoicing there shall be.

51. DICEN QUE ME CASE YO.

DICEN que me case yo :
No quiero marido, no.

Mas quiero vida segura
Nesta sierra á mi soltura
Que no estar en ventura
Si casaré bien ó no.
Dicen que me case yo :
No quiero marido, no.

Madre, no seré casada
Por no ver vida cansada,
Ó quizá mal empleada
La gracia que Dios me dió.
Dicen que me case yo :
No quiero marido, no.

No será ni es nacido
Tal para ser mi marido ;
Y pues que tengo sabido
Que la flor yo me la só,
Dicen que me case yo :
No quiero marido, no.

51. CASSANDRA'S SONG.

THEY would have me wed, but I
Truly for no husband sigh.

Rather would I live at ease
In these inmountains as I please
Than in such uncertainties,
'To marry ill or happily.
They would have me wed, but I
Truly for no husband sigh.

Mother, I will not be wed,
To see my days with care o'erspread,
And perchance all squanderèd
The beauty given me from on high.
They would have me wed, but I
Truly for no husband sigh.

Still unborn, unborn is he
Who might e'er my husband be ;
And since it is known to me
That the flower of all am I,
To their bidding I reply
That I for no husband sigh.

52. NUEVO GOZO, NUEVA GLORIA.

NUEVO gozo, nueva gloria,
 Criada en el seno eterno,
 Es llegada :
 Gran mudanza, gran vitoria
 Por nuestro Dios sempiterno
 Nos es dada.

La clara luz anciana
 Mudada, hecha moderna
 En nuevo trage,
 Y la bondad soberana
 Se alegra en la edad tierna
 Sin ultrage.

Nuestro gozo se acrecienta,
 Nuestra gloria va pujando
 Neste dia,
 Y la infernal serpiente
 Ya privada va del mando
 Que tenia.

Los secretos abrazados
 Muy más que puedo deciros
 Revelados,
 Las paces son acabadas
 Y los antiguos suspiros
 Son cesados.

52. A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Now new joy and glory new,
 From that Source eternal sent
 Whence all flows,
 Change and victory ensue,
 That our God Omnipotent
 On us bestows.

The clear light of ancient days
 Is transformed and in our eyes
 Fresh-besprent,
 And the goodness that we praise
 Wrapped in infant gladness lies
 Innocent.

Now our joy doth leap and grow
 Till this day pass in delight
 All the rest :
 The infernal serpent now
 Is of all its former might
 Dispossessed.

Secrets deep and beyond number,
 More than words of mine devise,
 Are revealed ;
 Now old enmity doth slumber,
 All the former griefs and sighs
 For ever healed.

Ya el mundo tenebroso
Relumbra por las alturas
Dó salió,
Porque el obrador poderoso
Ensalzó las criaturas
Que crió.

La clara obra infinita
Infinitamente obrada
Y obradora
Quisó su bondad bendita
Que fuese manifestada
Nesta hora.

Now the world from darkness brought
Shines along the highest heaven
Of its birth,
For He who all things hath wrought
To His creatures joy hath given
Upon earth.

Light and might of all things made,
Unto which Power infinite
Gave new power,
His great mercy has displayed
Manifest unto our sight
In this hour.

53. O POBRE.

O PIERNAS, llevadme un paso siquiera,
 Manos pegaos naqueste bordon,
 Descansad, dolores de tanta pasión,
 Siquiera un momento en alguna manera
 Dejadme pasar por esta carrera,
 Iré a buscar un pan que sostenga
 Mi cuerpo doliente, hasta que venga
 La muerte que quiero por mi compañera.

Devotos Christianos, dad al sin ventura
 Limosna, que pide por verse plagado ;
 Mirad ora el triste que estoy lastimado
 De pies y de manos por mi desventura ;
 Mirad estas plagas que no sufren cura,
 Ya son incurables por mi triste suerte :
 Ay ! que padezco dolores de muerte
 Y aquesto que vivo es contra natura.

Habed compasion del pobre doliente
 Que ya se vió sano mancebo y lucido.
 O mundo que ruedas, á qué me has traído !
 Que recio solia yo ser y valiente,
 Cuan alabado de toda la gente !
 De recio, galan, qué fue de mi bien ?
 O muerte, que tardas, quien te detien,
 Que yo no me atrevo á ser más paciente ?

53. THE BEGGAR'S COMPLAINT.

HANDS in your weakness on this staff weigh,
 Weary legs, carry me one step more,
 Cease now, my torture and anguish sore,
 And leave me a little, if leave me you may,
 To go but a moment along this way
 And beseech for a mouthful of bread to sustain
 My suffering body until I attain
 Death, for which now as companion I pray.

Your alms I implore, pious Christians—give
 To a wretch who begs, by fell wounds distressed,
 For the sores of my hands and my feet attest
 The pitiful state for which I grieve.
 See the sad wounds that no skill may relieve,
 The sores for which none can a cure assign :
 Ah ! but the anguish of death is mine,
 More than Nature can bear is the pain I live !

Claim to your pity my suffering lays,
 Since of health, grace and youth has fortune bereft me.
 O world ever turning, how hast thou left me,
 Who was valiant and strong in former days,
 A man whom all men were wont to praise !
 But whither is gone all my grace and my strength ?
 O Death, who delays thee that thou com'st not at
 length,
 Since my suffering now my last patience betrays ?

O paciencia que en Job reposó
 Qué quieres que haga con tantos tormentos ?
 Perdóname tu, que mis sufrimientos
 No pueden callar la miseria en que só.
 Criante rocío, qué te hice yo,
 Que las hiervecitas floreces por Mayo
 Y sobre mis carnes no echas un sayo,
 Ni dejan dolores que lo gane yo ?

Deje la muerte las niñas, las dueñas,
 Y deje doncellas galanas vivir :
 Deje las aves cantares decir,
 Y deje ganados andar por las peñas.
 Llévame á mí : porqué me desdeñas,
 Y matas sin tiempo quien merece vida ?
 Sácame ya desta cárcel podrida
 Mi ánima triste, no quieras mas señas.

O patience of Job, whither now may I turn
Thus sorely beset by my suffering ?
Forgive me if thus a complaint from me wring
The torments that into my body burn.

O bountiful dew, why me dost thou spurn,
Who all the young flowers in May dost bless
And giv'st not a cloak to my nakedness,
Nor the pains of my body allow me to earn ?

Let Death now the girls and the ladies pass by,
Yea, suffer the lovely maidens to live,
And life to the flocks on the mountains give,
And birds that sing in the trees and sky.
But take thou me, Death, for why thus am I
Disdained, when others before their time
Thou kill'est ? Oh, bear my sad soul from the slime
Of this prison, and suffer me now to die.

54. SÉTIMO SEÑAL.

FRIAS las manos para dar loores
 Por males ó bienes á Dios su señor,
 Frias, heladas en por su amor
 Dar de lo suyo á pobres pecadores ;
 Frias, muy frias en pagar sudores
 Á cuantos cristianos por esclavos teve,
 Frias sin sangre en pagar lo que debe
 Á los cuitados de sus servidores.

Frios los pies para visitar
 Los desamparados de los hospitales,
 Frios los cabos son ciertos señales
 Que el triste del mundo se quiere acabar.
 Frios, helados, para caminar
 Á ver á su Dios, ni á romerías,
 Frios, mortales, que acaba sus días,
 El mundo, hermanos, se quiere finar.

54. COLD NOW HIS HANDS.

COLD now his hands are, nor unto his Lord
For evils or blessings can render his praises,
Cold, frozen hands that no longer he raises
To give to poor sinners who help had implored ;
Cold, cold his hands that the slaves at his board,
All the Christians who toiled for him, cannot repay,
Cold, lifeless hands that his servants to-day,
Yea, those who have tended him, shall not reward.

Cold are his feet that now strength may not lend
The poor and the sick in the hostels to see,
For he now, alas ! from the world must flee,
And his cold hands and feet a sure warning send.
Cold, frozen feet that no more will wend
To the house of his God, nor on pilgrim's ways,
Cold, deadly cold : he is ending his days,
And for him the world, brothers, is even at end.



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